

John Perry Barlow

October 3, 1947 - February 7, 2018



Bard, visionary, tireless fighter for truth, dignity,
Free thought and open heart.

The epitome of kindness,
Whose knack for invoking laughter
In the face of world-wearying challenges
To the powers that would silence free expression,
Leaves us in awe of his tireless spirit for good.

Traversing "meatspace,"
This psychedelic cowboy rode his steed of
Willful manifestation from Barlow-frenzy to
Friendships freely catalyzed in cyberspace.

Cowboy boots, jeans, dark shirt, suede blazer,
Computerized backpack, sparkling eyes,
Cutting edge intellect, warm heart, open door,
He humanized us all.

A life lived with gusto and guts.
He inspired us by example:
If a Wyoming rancher could live larger than life,
We could too.

One of a kind,
A unique mind,
Whose Dead lyrics helped launch an
Army of freethinkers and free-feelers
Into the electronic frontier of
Interconnected creative's.

A magician of new meanings,
Whose very presence evoked a feeling that
We too could re-shape reality
Closer to our hearts desire.

It was an honor, a privilege, and a genuine delight,
To share with you a ride on the Ferris wheel of life.

Ride-on brave heart,
See you on the other side of eternity,
Where no doubt,
You will have already revolutionized the future
For those yet to emerge on life's stage
You so eloquently helped to illuminate.

Barlow at Burning Man, 2005

Photograph and poem by Rio Hahn